The COMMONWEAL

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Steps to a Loyal Opposition

THOSE of us responsible for these columns of THE COMMONWEAL are well aware of the opposition repeatedly expressed here to steps taken by the government in face of the war. In foreign affairs, where issues now align the people with "the government" and with "the opposition," we are frequently in the camp of the opposition. We differ from the Administration, and in so doing we differ from many COMMONWEAL collaborators, whose contrasting views are repeatedly expressed elsewhere in the magazine. In the most general, and therefore vaguest terms, the Administration policy appears centered upon the war and conflict to a degree which sacrifices steps to peace and reconstruction: destruction of the German enemy appears to be the touchstone of policy, rather than reconstruction of political, economic and social affairs in a manner that can build a foundation for peace.

Our opposition is loyal and it is not total. There are conditions for which both the Administration and the opposition are responsible that determine how useful or how detrimental, how healthy or unhealthy opposition can be for the country. Here seem to us a few of them: The Administration must show its policy, not necessarily as a beautifully worked out detailed unity, but to the degree possible, at least as a rough pattern definite enough to talk about. Both sides must conduct themselves in legal and constitutional fashion. Both sides must be loyal to the American state: they must recognize the immediacy of their responsibility to and for this community, must prefer the US with a love based on the reality of direct human, traditional and geographic knowledge and experience. Neither side can anathematize the other; the Administration must not drive criticism underground. Both should try sincerely to speak the truth. They should try to keep to the genuine issues and avoid demagoguery. They should keep away from red herrings, dead cats, straw men, and should not attribute to the other camp things that are not there.

The very first step in assuring loyal opposition and creative rather than destructive criticism has not yet been fully taken in this country. The government has not presented its policy clearly to the people. In a recent column, titled "The Loyal Opposition," Walter Lippmann said:

> The policy of the United States is to keep the Axis locked up in Europe and to keep Japan locked up in Asia in order to prevent the country from becoming engaged in a great two-ocean interhemispheric struggle that might go on for a generation.

This working definition by a most intelligent and sympathetic student of government policy has not been corrected or denied by government spokesmen. Yet, on reflection, it is not at all clear. It appears most likely contradictory—the only perceivable method for the US to keep them "locked up" is by waging that very inter-hemispheric war which is supposed to be avoided. But more confusing is the relation of this policy to isolation (strictly interpreted Lippmann is here radically isolationist) and to the four freedoms, eight points, etc. The relationship between interest in a good world system and national decision to beat Germany is not explicit.

But the Knox speech we quoted here last week is more definitely warlike:

> . . . We shall proceed from one measure to another measure until we have taken adequate steps to bring defeat to the legions of Hitler and his satellites in Italy and Japan . . .

This appears to reflect a narrow, purely negative and inevitably progressive war policy and Knox is Secretary of the Navy. Is it a clear reflection of governmental policy or not? When we who oppose it take it to be so, those who support Administration policy say that is a misconception. But we are confirmed in our supposition that government policy is straight-line, if progressive, war intervention by the constant attacks made by Administration members and supporters upon those who oppose entry, coupled with their constant condonement and repeated public support of men and groups who campaign for American entry into the fight now.

In any case "the government" side can hardly complain about the opposition until they are will-

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ing to set up as a policy something for which they are responsible, and something they believe in and will support in frank debate. All these special acts, like the lend-lease developments, neutrality law alterations, administrative departures, economic control measures, etc., come before us like atoms lost in a void. If the Administration would more clearly sketch its pattern—if not its details—of policy, the public could more confidently judge the situation, and the inevitable opposition could debate with the government in words with a patriotic content that could add to the nation's strength and well-being.

The French Prisoners

ON THE PLANE of political speculation and purpose there can be no unity as regards the method best adapted to secure the continuity of the French nation and to create conditions permitting the French people to live in freedom. In France, and among the French exiles in America, and among the many Americans who are determined friends of the French, there is bitter division. That division, centering on the specific French problem, is attached to the wider problem of the war as it is also to the organization of what is left of Europe after the war. We greatly fear that throughout the war and for years after the war there will be no unanimous consent to any order of justice. France, once again as so often in the past, serves now to bring to a high point of acuity the unrest, uncertainty and misery of the world.

A few people here in America, French and Americans, have freed themselves, if only for a moment, from their hopes and plans and despair. And from their irremediable division. The Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies (4 West 58 Street, New York) has launched a drive to send Christmas packages of food to the French prisoners of war in Germany. THE COMMONWEAL could not possibly allow this appeal to be made without giving it support. We have admitted every factor, from whatever quarter it might come, that contained a possibility of hope for France. We have refused to assume at any moment an attitude that could separate Americans from the reality of the people of France and in that reality we have included the French Government, the harsh rationing of food, the cold winter that is at hand, the men who are writing and whose papers are suppressed, the workmen in the cities, the night falling slowly on all the villages and hills and plains—and the distressed and anxious families hoping, and waiting interminably to be reunited. In that reality, also, ever present in the minds of the French and in our own, are the French prisoners for whom all that made up their life has been suspended. To those men the French have no food to send. If we, in America, wait until Christmas week, whatever surge of fraternal tenderness we may then feel for these suffering men will have come too late. Any American who has received something from the century old effort of the French toward truth should send now to the sad and lonely multitude of Frenchmen imprisoned among strangers a sign that they are not forgotten.

Trade Treaty with Argentina

THE SIGNING of the first commercial treaty since 1853 between Argentina and the United States at Buenos Aires on October 14 should be signalized as a crowning achievement of the Roosevelt-Hull reciprocal-trade good neighbor policy. It is the twelfth of its kind contracted with another American republic and marks a triumph over many real difficulties. The provisions show that serious concessions were made by both nations, a fact substantiated up here by the adverse reactions of several Western Senators to the treaty news. One of its best features seems to be the setting up of a joint commission for consultation on the operation of the agreement and other provisions for future modifications when needed. Because of current war conditions, it is difficult to estimate the immediate effect of the reduced tariffs on Argentine canned corned beef, other animal products, wines and liquors, Italian-type cheeses, etc., or of the concessions on imports of our fruits, tobacco, autos and parts. The hopeful thing is that American foreign traders are beginning to believe that something substantial and lasting can be built up from the present effort for closer economic collaboration with Latin America. They set great store by the new enterprises which our loans have helped to establish recently below the Rio Grande. If the United States and the other American republics succeed in building up purchasing power throughout the hemisphere, great possibilities lie before us. Happily the days of exploitation backed up by marines seem over; the time of constructive collaboration is at hand.

A New Knight

ON SUNDAY, October 12, which we call Columbus Day and the Spanish-Americans call el Dia de la Raza, the gymnasium of the University of Texas was the scene of an impressive ceremony which occasioned deep satisfaction to those scholars in the United States who have long been devoted to Hispanic studies. Before the faculty of the University and a concourse of persons distinguished in various walks of life, Dr. Carlos Castañeda was invested with the Knighthood of the Holy Sepulchre as a mark of honor conferred by the Holy Father in recognition of many years of distinguished service in the field of Latin American history. Dr. Castañeda is one of the leaders in his field. He has been for over two decades engaged in teaching at his own university

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and has also lectured at William and Mary College and at the Catholic University of America. The list of his printed volumes is far too long to be given here; in addition to them he has issued a translation of Morfi's *Historia de Tejas,* has contributed to many periodicals, is a member of numerous learned societies both in this country and in Europe, and served recently as President of the Catholic Historical Association. He is also a contributing editor of *Social Science Abstracts* (Section of Hispanic America) and is special adviser to the University of North Carolina Press.

That the Holy See should have selected him for so signal an honor is most gratifying to serious students of Latin American affairs. He is the sort of scholar who, in these days of somewhat hectic interest, is needed to guide Americans safely and sanely amid delicate problems. A loyal citizen of his adopted country and a fervent Catholic, he is a most useful leader in Pan American affairs. Dr. Castañeda's chief aim has been to spread the truth about his chosen field: Mexico (his native land) and Texas. Now the Pope himself has set on his labors a seal of approval.

An Opportunity for the Consumer

PRIORITIES, shortages and like by-products of the defense program so far seem to be working greater havoc with people dependent on specific lines of business than it has with the general run of consumer. There are signs that the emergency may even prove to be a means of enabling the American housewife to get more and better for her money. Some of the changes now noted may come to be more or less permanent. One of the most important of these is the simplification of the choice of brands offered. In a buyer's market, where the competition is for purchasers, all sorts of devices are normally resorted to in order to induce custom. An almost infinite range of brands, styles, packages, sizes of the same basic product (e.g., canned baked beans) are launched, publicized, dinned home. For many processed articles current styles and models are dubbed obsolescent and withdrawn from the market in the space of a few short months. Change follows change under the pressure of competition. Obviously it is the consumer who foots the bill for the economic wastage involved in such a system. Now circumstance has curtailed much of this and the consumer is beginning to find out that he can get along as well with a much narrower range of brands or styles to choose from. Eventually this should enable him to get considerably more for his money. At the same time curtailment of choice is also being offset by the growth of informative labeling. This is a practice in which the consumers' co-ops have pioneered and it has been consistently advocated in more normal times by the Department of Agriculture and other government agencies. Under the impact of the defense emergency the producers of various brands are now trying to show that the products they do have are of the best. This type of label carries much information as to quantity—size of container, number of ounces, approximate number of individual portions, number of cups, etc., for an example. The product is also graded as to quality, "A," "B" or "C" according to government specifications. Once formed, the habit of looking for these things will long persist. From almost any angle the American consumer stands to benefit by this educative experience. And surely the elimination of needless economic waste is essential in building up an economy that will work.

The Pause That Refreshes

THERE ARE useful functions performed by fear, as when fear drives a nation to take needed steps for defense. But the overmastering absorptions of fear crowd out or destroy the quiet moods in which appreciation best thrives: appreciation of the variety and flavor and benignity of life, whether among those peoples we confront for the moment with uneasy questionings, or among ourselves, within the very national framework we are defending. That is the special service of reminder and correction performed, however fleetingly, by these brief little news items which somehow get through, telling of German captors faithfully and efficiently delivering prison mail, including chocolates, or of Italians behaving with the courtesy and sunny friendliness which are theirs by nature, to an American ambassador. All this applies with double measure to our favorite news story of the week, from California. It is charged with reminders. Of our own history, richly crowded and strange and potent with that separate destiny which for the moment we all forget; for it is about Private George Muto (of Japanese extraction), who is training at Camp San Luis Obispo. Of the worth and charm of one of our component peoples, also neglected at the moment, who by instinct combine frugality and industry with cleanly order and beauty. For it relates that Private Muto, one of the 3,000 California Japanese in the army, was unhappy at camp because of the bareness of his surroundings. On his furlough, he mentioned these feelings to his friends of the Japanese Nursery Association. The actual plaint imputed to him is, "It isn't homelike." Struck in their tenderest point by his plight, the members made up a little parcel for donation to the camp—some 5,000 plants and shrubs which it required twenty army trucks to move. With these the camp grounds were made homelike for Private Muto and his brothers in arms. The picture ends with him bowing deeply and shaking hands with the association's secretary. We include herewith a deep bow of our own.

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Parnell after Fifty Years

A political genius, he won his real victory in the land war.

By **David Marshall**

FIFTY YEARS have gone by since the death of Parnell. He died on the sixth and was buried in Glasnevin on the eleventh of October, 1891—a fallen leader, as the majority of men believe, driven to his grave by the most appalling series of political and moral disasters. But politically Parnell was not a failure at all. A moral failure, becoming a public scandal, ended his political career, as such things inevitably do. But the point is that Parnell had already struck the blow that was to wither, and in due course destroy, what he had spent his whole life fighting. In a measure which we are only now beginning to understand, he had completed his work, had won his victory.

King of warriors in the long fight for Irish freedom, Charles Stewart Parnell—echoes of Charley Stuart there!—may or may not have been a Providential instrument. I rather think he was. But at least he was a most unusual phenomenon of Irish history; and not so many years ago the London *Times* declared him one of the three signal figures of the whole nineteenth century. In a dark hour he burst upon the field of Irish politics, and his rise to power was astonishingly swift. When the Fenian uprising of 1867 had gone down to defeat, and all the leaders were in exile or in jail, he startled the Catholic Gaels with a gospel that was timely if not new. Armed rebellion had failed, but there was yet a means by which blow after blow could be rained upon England without exceeding the strict letter of English law. With magnificent audacity, he proposed that a political party be sent over to Westminster with orders to compel a settlement with England under threat of paralyzing England's new democratic Parliament. His doctrine, he said, was "not reconciliation, but retaliation." It was in 1875 that he entered the House of Commons as a follower of Isaac Butt, the Protestant founder of a predominantly Protestant "Home Rule League." Four years later he had driven Butt from the leadership. In another year he was himself the commander of a disciplined battalion of Irish members. In six years more he was the master of Parliament. And in still another five years he was dead. Twenty-nine when he entered Parliament, he was only forty-five years old when he died. And in those sixteen years he made the Ireland of today both possible and inevitable. He tore out the English parties and rooted Irish politics in the national life of Ireland. He reversed the tide of gold that for centuries had flown out of Ireland into England; he smashed the old political ties by making Ireland a drain on England. He wrested the land from the heirs of the English conquerors, and made a land-owning peasantry out of a horde of landless Irish laborers. In short, he launched the Irish Revolution, and gave it such impetus that nothing could stop it. Did O'Connell thunder for "Repeal of the Union"? Amid the screams of "Tenant Right" and "Landlord Wrong," Parnell came very close to repealing the conquest.

Though his movement was a popular movement, Parnell was not a man of the people, but was—till he gave his last dollar to "the cause"—an Irish landlord whose properties gave him twenty thousand dollars a year in 1870. His mother was an Irish-American, the daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, who commanded the *Constitution* in the War of 1812. The Parnells, on the other hand, were an Anglo-Irish family who for generations had upheld the Irish cause. Talent was their birthright, and time and circumstance lavished their opportunities upon them till in the history of Ireland their names read like the roll of the Scipios. They won the love of their tenantry in the eighteenth century by opposing England with such vigor as to be accused of treason; and they kept it in the nineteenth century by unselfish devotion to the cause of Catholic Emancipation. Indeed, Sir Henry Parnell was for twenty-five years the parliamentary leader of the O'Connell Movement. Before him Sir John Parnell shared with Henry Grattan the leadership of that gallant fight against the disestablishment of the separate Irish parliament in 1800; and for four generations Irish tradition told the story of "Parnell the Incorruptible." Thus in 1874 "Honest John" Martin, the Fenian leader, "would trust any of the Parnells." In 1845 Justin McCarthy wrote his first book, an Irish historical romance, highly patriotic in tone; and it is not without significance that he chose for its hero the name of Parnell.

Charles Stewart Parnell, great-grandson of the Incorruptible, fell heir to his immense prestige. And he had the further advantage of believing in himself tremendously. Before the phrase was cheapened, he believed himself a man of destiny;

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and truly history arranged things for him well. The O'Connell Movement, destroyed in one overwhelming disaster, had left the bulk of the Irish poor deeply suspicious of orators; and the disastrous outcome of the Fenian Movement not only ended faith in military action, but confirmed great numbers of the people in a belief that national leadership must come, if it came at all, from the Protestant Anglo-Irish aristocracy. "The Irish people would not accept me for a leader," said Michael Davitt, with more than a touch of bitterness, "for I was born in a cabin." When Parnell was twenty-three, Disraeli's reform law came like a gift from Heaven, restoring popular suffrage to Ireland. And this was followed swiftly by Gladstone's ballot act, which made the vote secret. Gladstone thought little of the ballot act, but it was the first Parliament elected under this law that made the acquaintance of a certain silent man with a pale face and brilliant eyes—an Anglo-Irish aristocrat named Parnell.

In London

Almost at once there was a fluttering in London. "Parnell is as handsome as the hero of a novel by George Meredith!" Gladstone recalled that the young gentleman's grandfather and great-grandfather had both likewise been in Parliament. And Isaac Butt exclaimed to one of his followers: "We've got a splendid recruit; an historic name, my friend! Young Parnell of Wicklow! And unless I'm mistaken, the Saxon will find him an ugly customer!" But Dick Powers pronounced him a "bloody fool," and the majority of Home Rule members cordially agreed with "Peerless Dick." The point was that Parnell, who definitely stuttered, was not an orator in the grand old Irish way; he was ignorant of the ways of Parliament, and he paraded his simplicity by going about asking silly questions. As the event was not long in proving, however, Parnell was armed with a weapon more effective than eloquence and far less perilous to Ireland; and in swift, galling defeat it may have occurred to Powers and his friends that the simplicity that asks questions is often the simplicity of genius, and that there is a type of mind that looks shallow only because it is so lucid. Parnell and Gladstone were in violent collision twice, and on both occasions Parnell conquered. The old gentleman with the hook nose and flashing eyes exclaimed: "Parnell is a political genius, a genius, a genius of most uncommon order."

That, however, was in the years to come. For the moment Parnell was asking questions, and perfecting that precise form of attack against which Parliament had no defense. And his terms—not stated, not even admitted, but always obvious—were these: (1) Parliament would settle the "Irish question" to the general satisfaction of the Irish; or (2) Parliament would not be allowed to legislate at all. Mr. Parnell would see to that by seizing on every bill the minute it was introduced, and by launching a campaign to improve it clause by clause. It is not true that Parnell was an obstructionist. But it is true that his method wasted time, tormented the irritable, and drove the others frantic—bored them to the verge of stuttering idiocy. "I ask the members," the indignant John Bright expostulated, "whether this House of Commons, with its centuries of service, is to be made prostrate, powerless, and useless at the bidding of a handful of men?" But Parnell was merciless, and in the end his art was not easy to combat. He knew the rules of order as nobody else did; in the conflict of rules he was especially learned; and with marvelous adroitness he kept to grounds where the rules would operate to protect him—sometimes in spite of their obvious intent. Again, as the nephew of Lord John Russell remarked, "Parnell was unmistakably a gentleman"; and that was a huge advantage.

But above all—and this was the secret of his power—it was always for a proper and useful purpose that Parnell delayed the business of the house for hour after hour, day after day, and week after week. One by one—out of scores upon scores—his amendments were adopted, and certain elements in England began to notice that they were all on the side of mercy. The cat-o'-nine-tails was outlawed as a form of punishment in the British army; likewise the shooting of sentries who fell asleep at their posts in peace-time. There were other amendments, less spectacular but always of some special value to the English poor. It was the non-conformist clergy who took note of these things—the working-class Methodists, Congregationalists, and Baptists who formed the backbone of England's Non-Conformist Conscience. With historic consequences, Mr. Parnell was reaching over the heads of his enemies and catching up a powerful following in their own constituencies. He outdid them in service to England as he outbowed them in frigid courtesy; and though he was watched as no man had ever been watched before, he was never trapped in crude, punishable obstructionism. And so the hour came when, hating him, the house had no choice but to obey him.

The victory

Meanwhile he had carried the war to another front, harnessing the fight for political freedom to the centuries-old agrarian struggle. ("Thereby," says the mocker, "winning his immortal sobriquet of Captain Moonlight!") From first to last, this was a daring maneuver, for it cost him the support of the Anglo-Irish gentry, whom he sorely needed to keep the highly excitable mass of his followers under a tight rein; and by aligning the Catholic tenantry against the Protestant landlords, it brought the religious bogey into politics

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again. ("Home Rule is Rome rule!" the cry comes echoing down in the harsh, rasping accent of Belfast.) It was a maneuver that others had attempted only to bring disaster upon themselves. But the angry, tenacious Parnell carried it through, and his astounding victory in this field is the central fact of his career. He became the president of the Irish Land League, which Michael Davitt of the One Hand organized. He got the priests and the excommunicated Fenians both working for him. He told the Irish people, "You must show the landlords that you intend to hold a firm grip on your homesteads and your lands," and instantly the battle-cry of "Keep a firm grip on your land" swept over the nation. In a supreme crisis, after a third successive crop failure, he confirmed his victory and changed the course of Irish history when he halted a stampede of tenant farmers out of the homes they could not pay rent for—a stampede to the roads like that which turned the starving forties into a national catastrophe. And at the very hour he was doing this, he rooted out and destroyed the old assassination clubs, that went by the name of ribbon lodges; not quite, but almost, for one murder was committed in the course of a fierce, wild struggle. He invented and gave the ribbonmen a new weapon called the boycott. ("Which," the unpleasant voice hurries on to explain, "was the coercion of moonlighters and cattle-drivers.") It was part of Parnell's "destiny" that the British trade union act had appeared on the statute book just one year before this, enabling him to plead that the Land League was a tenant farmers' trade union, and not an illegal conspiracy. The league was outlawed anyhow, but not before Parnell had finished with it, and not before Mr. Gladstone's land act had been hammered and beaten into a new shape—the shape, indeed, of a weapon in the Irish people's hands.

It is simply of record that all this time Katherine O'Shea, daughter of an English baronet and sister of the great Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., was standing over Parnell—watching him; nursing him when he was sick, which was often (for on top of congenital rheumatic fever he had developed Bright's disease); helping him frame his public addresses; hearing from him every day when he was away from her (every day a letter and every day a telegram); writing him nearly every day; interviewing Gladstone on his behalf—and bearing him children. Their alliance was complete before 1880; before Parnell ever became the leader of the Home Rule party. Perhaps it was part of his destiny again that the Irish would not believe it. Time after time somebody "set the heather afire"—a gracious Irish way of saying that somebody denounced him as a sinner. But the heather, apparently, was always a bit too wet, and Parnell was spared to stampede the Irish peasantry back into their homes, and to force through the land act and the series of amending laws which, in the aggregate, have wrought the transformation of Ireland.

Rarely has there been such hero-worship. Rarely has any man so completely swayed a nation as Parnell swayed Ireland all through the eighties. Solemn history becomes a fairy tale as this proud and lonely man marches steadily on to his fate—an aristocrat adored by a peasantry; a Protestant whom a Catholic nation had made her "Uncrowned King"; an Irish landlord battling for the poor and landless, and bringing the judgment on his own all-powerful class. It is understandable that his plain, terse utterances should bring joy to a land so surfeited with orators. But his icy, standoffish manner, his curt commands, and his English university accent were not enough to dash the people's love for him—and Irish heather would not burn against him. Much may be forgiven a man in Ireland, says the cynic, if he only show a decent hatred of England. Yet many times Parnell gave evidence of a deep affection for the English countryside and people, a powerful respect for English law and the English theory of government. But if he showed fight to England, it was because England would not otherwise be brought to see what he saw with a terrible clarity, that England-in-Ireland was a diseased organism. And far from hating, he fought England with the unsleeping but clean hostility of a good soldier; picked out the weak spots with the confidence of genius, and hammered and struck with the whole power of his immense popularity at home.

At the dawning of the nineties, he had the upper hand of England. The courts had made a hero of him by revealing him as the intended victim of a prosecution founded on forgery. The London *Times* had paid him damages for libel. He had imposed his own terms on Gladstone. Indeed, "Mr. Gladstone had become a follower of Parnell," brushing aside the normal issues of English politics to win or lose on the issue of Irish Home Rule. The Tories were tottering, and the Liberals were pledged to Home Rule as soon as they should return to power. In short, Parnell was the master of a situation which neither Liberals nor Tories, by fair means or foul, seemed able to mend.

Kitty O'Shea

Possibly again it was Parnell's destiny—for doom is destiny, and Parnell was doomed when William O'Shea, after ten years of a complacency that was not unmixed with blackmail, filed an action for divorce which Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea chose not to defend. History recalls no parallel to the fall of Parnell; so one was found among the poets. Proud as Satan, said John Morley, he was like Satan "hurled with hideous ruin down." The

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English were powerfully stirred. "I never believed in Parnell until . . . he stood in the last ditch," Lord Acton wrote, "and showed the strong man he is." It was noticed that nobody cheered in the English camp. But the forthright Scotsman, Cunninghame-Graham, turned with scorn upon the men of Ireland who, in obedience to Gladstone, now overthrew their chief—"who sold their lord and quite omitted to make sure the thirty pieces should be paid." It is one of the countless ironies of Irish history that the Irish themselves destroyed Parnell.

But they gave him a grand funeral just the same—forty brass bands were in the cortège and 300,000 people marched behind his coffin. They buried him in their own Catholic cemetery. And after that he was immortalized in one of those curious tales that occasionally spring up in a rich and vivid folk-imagination. He was not dead, the Irish countryman averred, but had found refuge from faithless followers among the good Wee Folk under the hollow hills of Wicklow; whence he would return in the hour of peril to be again his people's Chief, to be again the Uncrowned King of Ireland. Ten years later, during the Boer war, the story went round Europe, and appeared even in the *New York Herald,* that General De Wet was really Charles Stewart Parnell, exiled for a woman's love and living under a change of name, but still hammering at Ireland's enemy.

Years after his death his divided party was brought together again, but the day of its strength was over. A Tory Prime Minister congratulated Ireland on the reappearance in the House of Commons of a united Irish party; but "Tiger Tim" Healy was swiftly on his feet to observe that "there are two united Irish parties in this house, and I am one of them." There were estimable men among them; capable men like John Redmond, and brilliant men like Tom Kettle. But there was no one to replace the Chief; no one who had the fine combativeness of Parnell, nor any of his power to command.

In any case they had only to nurse the situation he created and the outcome was inevitable. All that was needed was time, till the people had had a rest from politics, and till the economic problem had in reasonable measure solved itself. The cost of breaking up the big estates and transferring the land of the Irish people—through State purchase and re-sale on the instalment plan—was terrific at the beginning; too vast for an independent Ireland to have shouldered alone. But as the years went on, the problem become progressively less formidable. And above all, there had to be an end of heroics; how worn the nation had become after fifteen years of high emotional strain is proved by the nastiness of that final outburst against Parnell. So it was fortunate that, just at the proper moment, "nature wanted a few verses" from Yeats. Presently the Irish literary renascence was under way to save the souls of Irish peasant boys who otherwise were serving their country in what was for them the best possible way—by plain, solid money-making in the Dublin shops or the British civil service. The Tories' counter-proposal to the Irish voters, the "program of beneficent legislation"—irreverently denounced as the "conspiracy to kill Home Rule with kindness"—added further to the burden of the English tax-payer, and did as much as anything else to advance the Irish Revolution to its gradual fulfillment. But to an astonishing degree it was of Parnell's doing; and true was the insight of Asquith—who had no love for Parnell—that "judging by results clearly traceable to one man's initiative, by the dead-heave given, *he* was one of the three or four men of the century."

The Golden Legend in America

A new English translation inspires a paper on the original.

By **D. H. Moseley**

TWO AMERICANS have translated and adapted from the Latin Jacopo da Varagine's "Legenda Sanctorum," and New York publishers have had the work printed in the United States illustrated with plates that are reproductions of pages of manuscripts or early editions found in this country.* This is the first entirely new English translation since William Caxton, the London printer, made his in the fifteenth century, and it will serve to introduce many Americans to a work in which our libraries are peculiarly rich. Partly written and partly compiled by a holy and learned Italian Dominican some time before 1265, this book of readings on the feasts of the ecclesiastical year was dubbed "golden" not by its author but by its public. It was a European best seller for more than three centuries before the Reforma-

* The Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine. Translated and adapted from the Latin by Granger Ryan and Helmut Ripperger. Longmans. 2 vols. $5.00 ($3.00 separately).

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tion, one of the most copied works of the thirteenth century. There are probably five hundred manuscript copies extant, of which perhaps a hundred were made before 1298; during the first century of printing alone there were more than one hundred and fifty editions. It would be interesting to know how many manuscript copies and specimens of the early European printed editions have found their way to this country. Of the Caxton fifteenth century editions, there are doubtless more than a dozen copies in our libraries, the Boston Public, Harvard University, Union Theological, New York Public and others. Two of the illustrations used for the new Ryan-Ripperger translation are from the New York Public Library's pages of the first edition Caxton (1483). Last April, the Boston Public Library acquired Lord Aldenham's copy of the first Caxton edition, not perfect, but in an unusually good state; this has been described within the last few months by Mr. Zoltán Haraszti in *More Books*. In the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, there is a Caxton, first (1483) and second (1487) editions mixed; this is the state in which the Caxton "Golden Legend" is often found, for, although the edition of 1483 was large, the work was so popular that the books were literally worn out by readers, and in many instances the original pages are supplemented with some of later date.

A few American scholars have been interested in the "Golden Legend." Possibly under George Ticknor's influence, Longfellow, a real student of medieval lore, felt its fascination, and, in 1851, used its title and some of its substance for a work of his own. Almost half a century later, in 1899, Mr. Pierce Butler of New Orleans published his "Legenda Aurea: A Study of Caxton's Golden Legend." Then, in 1903, there appeared in the *Princeton Theological Review* an article, "Jacobus de Voragine and the Golden Legend," by Ernest Cushing Richardson; this purported to be merely a criticism of two French translations of the work which had appeared in 1902, the Abbé Roze's and Teodor de Wyzewa's, but, reading it today, and noting how the author inveighed against Teodor de Wyzewa's delightful but rather facile introduction, we conclude that Richardson was already an earnest student of the works of the Blessed Jacopo. Thirty-two years later, four years before his death, Richardson published "Materials for a Life of Jacopo da Varagine," a collection of papers on Jacopo's career as priest, archbishop and author; he stated in the preface that he was depositing with the Library of Congress his unpublished research studies on the writer whom he correctly designated not Jacobus de Voragine, an unfortunate misnomer, but Jacopo da Varagine, in the hope that they might be of use to a future biographer. Certainly that biographer must also be an American.

When we ponder Richardson's accounts of the genial and erudite Jacopo, we do not wonder that the learned Princeton librarian fell under his spell. As a prior of the Dominicans, and as Archbishop of Genoa, Jacopo preached to his fellow countrymen in their own language, and was almost certainly the first translator of the Bible into their vernacular; he helped to mould Trecento Italian. He wrote in Latin a chronicle of the city of Genoa (of which there is a copy in the New York Public Library), and he composed for the laity, whose interest he held ever at heart, his "Legenda Sanctorum," the "Golden Legend."

The "Golden Legend" is one of the most lovable examples of hagiography—lovable largely for its unpretentiousness, and it is this quality that its latest translators have retained with wonderful skill. The English of the narrative is easy, clear and pleasing, and the foreword, with which the text is introduced, is scholarly and sincere; like the thirteenth century author, the twentieth century translators are perfectly at home in their field. They based their translation primarily on the Latin edition of Graesse, published in Leipzig in 1850, the best available; but they also used other editions in manuscript and print. Just as Jacopo quoted previous hagiographers, Saint Clement, Saint Gregory, Saint Isidore of Seville, Saint Jerome, Saint Ambrose, Saint Augustine, Saint Bernard, the Venerable Bede or Pope Innocent IV, and so familiarized his readers with his sources, so have his translators indicated for us the delightful literature that has grown up about the "Golden Legend": Bollandus himself is quoted, and the great modern Bollandist, Père Hippolyte Delehaye, as are Pierce Butler, Emile Mâle, the Abbé Roze and others. There is no mention of Ernest Cushing Richardson's studies, and there are fewer facts about Jacopo himself than we might hope to find, but the gentle spirit of the man whom Richardson longed to portray informs every line.

The new translation will fill a need, for it will help to throw light on the people of the middle ages with whom we Americans seem to have more in common than have had any national groups since their day. Like medieval men, we prefer the straight and clear cut: the austerity of the Italian Primitive painters appeals to us; the language that Teodor de Wyzewa described as Jacopo's "honest Latin of the sacristy" and his plain story teller's style ring true in our ears. For us, too, entertainment is the thing. We can scarcely picture a seventeenth century divine organizing and training a troupe of twenty-five minstrels, providing them with costumes and sending them forth to amuse his fellow Christians, but a priest of our own times would enjoy the experiment just as thirteenth century Jacopo did. So, too, we relish Jacopo's writing somewhat as did his contemporaries. According to Richardson, "The Golden

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Legend and the Reformation could not exist side by side, and the Legend went down." We may congratulate ourselves on the fact that, in America at least, the Legend is coming up again! And to be fair, we must recall that its eclipse was not altogether due to its condemnation by Luther; the zeal of the Counter Reformation clergy and laity played its part, for they were necessarily concerned with guarding the essentials of Christian doctrine, and careful to suppress everything from which scandal might be taken.

Scientific aspects

With the progress of scientific biography, we have learned to winnow as we read, and are perhaps more at ease than were our immediate ancestors with the quaint content and homely style of the "Golden Legend." The new translators have managed to preserve the naturalness so suited to the text; there is a limpid and exquisite loveliness in their rendering of the chapters on the Nativity, the Epiphany, the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension, and on the Holy Ghost. The legends of the saints are, of course, those that we have known since childhood, the stories of Agnes and Lucy and Agatha, of Ignatius, Blaise, Patrick, Vitus and Modestus and many others; some make better reading than the rest: not all have the vividness of Saint George's adventure, partly because not all saints rescued princesses from dragons. But there is hardly one without charm. Readers familiar with Saint Gregory's "Life of Saint Benedict" will recognize Jacopo's account as lifted from the great pope's narrative, while it is Clement who tells of Saint Peter, and Saint Bernard, the Blessed Virgin's saint *par excellence,* who is called on to treat of the mystery of the Annunciation; these chapters also are freshly Englished, to the original chronicles' great gain.

One of the pleasing features of the new translation is the adequate index; it was a happy thought to include therein a bestiary under which we readily locate the animals that ministered to the saints.

An index is indispensable to a handbook, and, now that there are so many paintings of the Old Masters in this country, we need the "Golden Legend" as such. It was the artists' own, of course. Hundreds of years before it was written, Gregory of Tours described, in his "History of the Franks," the wife of Namatius sitting among the workmen in the newly erected Church of Saint Stephen at Clermont; she was clad in black and held a book upon her knees "in which she read the story of deeds done of old time, and pointed out to the painters which subjects should be represented on the walls." We can imagine master craftsmen of later centuries thus directing their artisans from manuscripts of the "Golden Legend." Emile Mâle enjoyed taking its text and studying the windows of Chartres Cathedral; there he found the account of Saint Eustace, for instance, and various others drawn scene by scene from the "Golden Legend." We have no Chartres, and alas! no access to it for many a day to come, but in a lesser way we can indulge in a similar amusement in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and in picture galleries in Boston, Baltimore, Washington, New Haven, Chicago and elsewhere.

In the Metropolitan

Happy hours could be spent with this American "Golden Legend" for companion among the Metropolitan Museum's saints. At the very entrance to the gallery of paintings, we discover five of Jacopo da Varagine's favorites in Raphael's "Madonna di Sant' Antonio." Here are Saint Peter, Saint John the Baptist, Saint Paul, Saint Cecilia and Saint Catherine of Alexandria. As we walk on through the gallery, we meet with paintings by Raphael, Taddeo Gaddi, Fra Lippo Lippi, Spinello Aretino, Bernardo Daddi, Segna di Bonaventura, Lorenzetti, Giovanni di Bartolommeo Cristiani, Crivelli, Vivarini, Benozzo Gozzoli, Giovanni di Paolo, Francia, Correggio, Fra Bartolommeo, Lippo Memmi and others, and practically every one depicts a saint. Here are the Apostles, Saint Mary Magdalen, Saint Martha, Saint Stephen, Saint Benedict, Saints Cosmas and Damian, Saint Anthony Abbot, Saint George and his dragon, Saint Jerome and his lion, Saint Giles and his stag, and gentle little Saint Agnes with her cuddling white lamb: Saint Ursula is present with some of her eleven thousand virgins: Saint Nicholas is asked to revive a dead boy: a huge Saint Christopher with the Christ Child on his shoulder struggles through a rushing torrent, and Saint Augustine, Saint Dominic and beloved Saint Francis of Assisi are so portrayed that we recognize them as Jacopo's heroes. In one room, a painting divided into four small panels gives in glowing colors the story of the beautiful Sicilian virgin Lucy just as Jacopo wrote it.

You recall that Lucy took her sick mother to the shrine of Saint Agatha hoping for a cure, and that, while they were there at prayer, Saint Agatha said to her, "My sister, why do you ask of me what you yourself can give to your mother? See, your faith has healed her." This is among the scenes represented; in another panel, Lucy distributes alms to the poor; in a third, she is haled before the Consul and denounced as a Christian by her pagan fiancé; in the fourth panel, we see the slender young girl hitched to oxen powerless to move her. According to one version of the legend, a thousand yoke of oxen were thus employed, but the artist, Giovanni di Bartolommeo Cristiani, a Florentine, who painted the picture a little over a hundred years after Jacopo wrote the "Golden Legend" and so probably had access to a

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fairly new copy of his manuscript, did not admit such a multitude, and you will be delighted when you find that the modern editors have shown like restraint.

Probably the artists and those who directed them felt safe in following Jacopo because he himself was reputed a saint. It was his personal holiness that caused his sure footing in holy scenes, and no particle of his serenity is lost in the new translation. Before we lay the book aside, we understand why he was beatified. For us, with war looming, his efforts to quiet the Guelfs and Ghibellines seem especially praiseworthy; we Americans can hardly fail to be touched by the fact that he has always been invoked as a peace-maker, or by the prayer that is read in his Mass in Dominican churches and in his native diocese on the Italian Riviera:

"God, who didst make the Blessed James, Thy confessor and bishop, a distinguished exemplar of truth and conciliator of peace, grant that, through his intercession, we may love peace and truth and come to Thee Who art the Supreme Peace and Truth, through Christ our Lord."

The Lighter Belloc

Appreciation of a cautionary poet.

***By* Theodore Maynard**

IT IS only too often the ponderous Belloc that his readers, especially his American readers, think of when they hear his name. Probably a hundred people know his replies to H. G. Wells to one who knows his far better "Lines to a Don." Not that the controversial writing is to be disparaged: it is very useful. But it is, after all, merely useful and will pass, having served its day. There is another Belloc who will not pass. And much of him is compounded of light and comic and fantastic elements.

Even the historical writing is permanently valuable mainly for certain passages of prose as grand as any in our language. The challenge Belloc has issued to what he calls the "official" historians has done some good. At the same time his habit of overstating his own case, and of rather arrogantly refusing to give any authority for his opinions, has largely offset this. But no qualifications have to be made in the case of the essays of "Hills and the Sea" or for "The Four Men" or "The Path to Rome." Nor have any qualifications to be made in the case of much of his lighter verse.

There are, however, two qualifications that I should make regarding some of it. Belloc has complained that Chesterton was too good natured to hit hard. Well, his own satire raises a different kind of objection. When the amiable G.K.C. was roused to anger, that anger was terrible. Belloc is never really angry. He objects to the rich, and he objects to politicians. But not even in the wonderful "Mercy of Allah," not even in his poem on the Boer War is one quite convinced of his *saeva indignatio*. He just misses getting into the small group of the greatest satirists.

Another complaint I should make is that his verse is even more unequal in quality than his prose. There are certain things that no man has ever done better. His drinking songs are among these; so also is his "Dives." But though he is manifestly proud of his sonnets, not one of them is entirely satisfactory. All contain magnificent lines; not enough trouble has been spent to achieve perfection throughout. The best of Belloc is to be found in his songs and in his light verse. "Tarantella" is unmatched of its kind, so are some of the "Cautionary Tales."

French melancholy

Belloc once wrote somewhere that melancholy is the true but generally unnoticed determinant of the French character. And this very much applies to him. As he says in his little poem about those borne by their mothers through this or that season of the year:

> But they that held through Winter to the Spring
> Despair as I do, and, as I do, sing.

It is with irony and beauty that he comforts his desolation. Belloc—like the Wife of Bath in this respect—is so jovial because he is so sad. He lacks altogether the innocent and astounding happiness of his friend Chesterton. Yet there is no need to be sorry for him. His sources of consolation amply compensate.

The very finest of his epigrams are not the bitter and biting ones, admirable as these are, but such pieces as the ten lines "On a Sleeping Friend" or "The Elm." One line of this—"The corn at harvest and a single tree"—might serve to illustrate the Bellocian touch. How it is done I do not know; but by bare statement, without any descrip-

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tion, magic is evoked. One of these epigrams he labels as "Partly from the Greek"; but indeed they are all more or less from the Anthology. Not that there is the kind of direct adaptation such as we find occasionally in A. E. Housman; it is rather that, outside of Housman and Belloc, there is hardly anything in English fit to be compared to the Greek prototypes. If examples are wanted, take two of the series on Sundials:

Here in a lonely glade, forgotten, I
Mark the tremendous process of the sky.
So does your inmost soul, forgotten, mark
The Dawn, the Noon, the coming of the Dark.

and

I that still point to one enduring star
Abandoned am, as all the Constant are.

So far I have referred to the collection which, first issued as "Verses," has grown to the "Sonnets and Verses" now published by Sheed and Ward. Copyright difficulties presumably have necessitated the exclusion of the songs scattered through "The Four Men." Of these the concluding lyric beginning

He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows

is one of the loveliest that Belloc ever wrote, which means that it is imperishable. Difficulties of another kind have prevented his ever publishing his Ballade on Mrs. James, one of King Edward VII's lady-friends. In private it has had wide circulation. I got it from Chesterton's recitation of it to me, though as there were gaps in my memory I had to fill in a few lines afterwards myself. Now I could not tell which is my own patch-work. In this version hundreds of people must have heard it. And Tom Daly, having taken it down, had it printed and sent to his friends. I suppose it would be high treason, or *lèse-majesté*, or something, to put it in a book. Nevertheless it is a masterpiece and famous.

Collected cautionaries

Now we have gathered in a sumptuously printed volume * the rhymes which have previously delighted us and which the publishers offer to "wise children, who will know that they have found the ideal book for the edification of their parents." The parents in fact will probably read it more eagerly even than their children, although in my own household the tale about Jim, who ran away from his nurse and was eaten by a lion, has long been a means of persuasion to the eating of spinach and similar nourishing but detested foods. But among these Cautionary Tales ostensibly told for children several have always been more relished in the smoking-room than the nursery. What could a child make of the climax of "Lord Lundy, Who was too Freely Moved to Tears, and thereby ruined his Political Career"?

The Duke—his aged grand-sire—bore
The shame till he could bear no more.
He rallied his declining powers,
Summoned the youth to Brackley Towers,
And bitterly addressed him thus—
"Sir! you have disappointed us!
We had intended you to be
The next Prime Minister but three:
The stocks were sold; the Press was squared:
The Middle Class was quite prepared.
But as it is! . . . My language fails!
Go out and govern New South Wales!"

* * *

The Aged Patriot groaned and died:
And gracious! how Lord Lundy cried!

The present book includes all of Belloc's work in this vein except "The Modern Traveller." That, being upon the whole tedious in spite of some highly entertaining bits, was advisedly omitted. Even of what is retained, some of the pieces are far less effective than others. It would seem that many were tossed off too hastily; even in this sort of work only perfection is tolerable. But perfection is attained time after time, especially when Belloc uses octosyllabic couplets as his pattern. A case in point is "Maria, Who Made Faces and a Deplorable Marriage." Another is "Sarah Byng, Who could not read and was tossed into a thorny hedge by a Bull." It opens:

Some years ago you heard me sing
My doubts on Alexander Byng.
His sister Sarah now inspires
My jaded Muse, my failing fires.
Of Sarah Byng the tale is told
How when the child was twelve years old
She could not read or write a line.
Her sister Jane, though barely nine,
Could spout the Catechism through
And parts of Matthew Arnold too,
While little Bill who came between
Was quite unnaturally keen
On "Athalie" by Jean Racine.
But not so Sarah! Not so Sal!
She was a most uncultured gal
Who didn't care a pinch of snuff
For any literary stuff
And gave the classics all a miss.
Observe the consequence of this!

The consequence, fortunately for my limitations of space, is indicated in the title.

Moral alphabet

Fortunately, too, Belloc writes his own review of his "Moral Alphabet." I could of course dilate at length about much that is in this book—the beautifully unexpected conjunction of the Catechism and Matthew Arnold, for instance, with "'Athalie' by Jean Racine" adding to the joy—as I could dilate at even greater length upon the "Drinking Song Of the Pelagian Heresy" set to a rousing tune of the poet's own composition and included in "The Four Men." This, however, is the kind of book that one does not need to review. If you, dear reader, were within reach, I would

* *Cautionary Verses.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

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read reams of it to you. As that cannot be, the next best thing is that you buy the book and read it to your friends. It will be a good way of discovering those among them who are really civilized. And now for Belloc's alphabet:

R the Reviewer, reviewing my book,
At which he had barely intended to look;
But the very first lines upon "A" were enough
To convince him the Verses were excellent stuff.
So he wrote, without stopping, for several days
In terms of extreme but well-merited Praise.
To quote but one Passage: "No Person" (says he)
"Will be really content without purchasing three,
While a Parent will send for a dozen or more,
And strew them about on the Nursery Floor.
The Versification might call for some strictures
Were it not for its singular wit; while the Pictures,
Tho' the handling of line is a little defective,
Make up amply in *verve* what they lack in perspective."

MORAL

The habit of constantly telling the Truth
Will lend an additional lustre to Youth.

Well, there is the book, except for the pictures—some by B. T. B. (who is Lord Basil Blackwood) and the rest by Nicolas Bentley. If you do not like what I have quoted, you are duly warned. Nothing can be done about it. In that event, there would be no use in your buying "Cautionary Verses," though you still might enjoy the epigrams and satires (not to mention the serious poems) in the Sheed and Ward collection. I know that if you should happen to like what is quoted here, you will go dashing off to the nearest bookstore.

So we can leave it at that.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FATHER MARTIN P. HARNEY, S.J., professor of the history of the Reformation in Boston College, has written, and the America Press, New York, has published, a volume in celebration of the fourth centenary of the founding of the Society of Jesus, "The Jesuits in History" ($4.00), which has been well chosen by the Catholic Book Club to serve as its October offering to its many subscribers. No doubt the book will have a wide appeal to the general public of thoughtful readers, in and outside of Catholic circles, for at a time like the present, comparable in its importance to the time when Ignatius of Loyola established the Jesuits, a turning point in human history, a popular, but far from superficial study of the place taken by the followers of Ignatius during four centuries, in nearly all parts of the world, is one of the most significant and helpful chapters in a still greater story, namely, the place of the Church itself in the history of humanity.

No Catholic can doubt that the Church's place in that history is central, unique, the very crux of all the problems of history, and thoughtful non-Catholics at least are in agreement with Catholics that the problem posed by the very existence of the Church, acting as the one authentic visible instrument of divine purpose in the universe, the central problem of the Christian religion, is supreme above all the other problems faced by mankind in its desperate situation today. Father Harney's lucid and most interesting sketch of the story of his beloved Society opens up on every page the greater vistas of the story of the Church itself, and this is natural, even when not intended explicitly, for it is of the very essence of the work of the Jesuits during the four centuries traced in these well-written and authoritative pages to be the action promotion of the universal Church; and, no doubt, as it has been in the past, so it will continue to be in the troubled times of today and tomorrow. The adaptability of the Society of Jesus in meeting new problems as they successively arise has not been lost; probably it is as great today as in the palmiest age of the order.

One of the most fascinating chapters of the great romance of the sons of Ignatius is that describing the strange, paradoxical manner in which when a vast political conspiracy of absolutist governments, forerunners, in certain vital respects, of their totalitarian counterparts of today, in combination with high-placed and powerful anti-religious individuals and groups, succeeded in bringing about the suppression of the Society by Pope Clement XIV, it was one of the most powerful of the royal dictators of that time, the Tsarina Catherine of Russia, who served, in exerting her own imperial will, as the unwitting instrument of Providence in keeping a remnant of the Society, in a corporate form, alive in her dominions until the time came, many years later, when the Society was revived by the Holy See, and resumed its world-wide work for the Church.

Surely no more drastic suppression of a vast organization has ever been recorded; nor a stranger and more wonderful resurrection. The Jesuits owe a great debt to Russia, and it is to be presumed that with its long memory, and its tremendous capacity for long-range vision and sustained activity toward a distant objective, the Society will labor for the redemption of religion in the Russia of today and tomorrow. For many years, indeed, in a special institution in Rome, it has been building up an apostolate of devoted experts in Russian religious problems, and the day may dawn when in return for the liberty of its own life, so strangely preserved in schismatical Russia, it will play a mighty part in regaining religious liberty in communist Russia.

It is not fanciful, I think, to indulge in such a hope. What Father Harney's uplifting book proves most strongly, without, however, preaching about the matter, still less without indulging in any boasting, is the unbroken continuity of the Church, and, in a lesser degree, but in proportion as it truly served the Church, the indestructible continuity of the religious orders, in this case his own, the Society of Jesus. Kingdoms and empires and republics, social systems of all sorts and kinds, rise and fall, and will continue so to do, but the Church goes on forever, unchangeable, but not without new developments. The Jesuits belong to that history, in the future time as in times past.

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Communications

VOLUNTEER PILOTS FOR PETER'S BARK

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I read with great interest Father Cohalan's article in your issue of September 12, the three replies and Father Cohalan's rejoinder, September 26, and Mr. Agar's reply, October 3. In his rejoinder (September 26), Father Cohalan's "red-herring" technique, to quote Mr. Agar, again appears in relation to "the Mexican and Spanish martyrs, etc." Like the "flowers that bloom in the spring," these events "have nothing to do with the case;" for the able Notre Dame professor was not drawing up a "catalogue of the horrors of our times," but merely calling attention to those Hitler crimes and outrages which show that this war is much more than a contest for political and economic advantage. Hitler is a dire and active menace to our country; Mexico, Spain, Russia are not.

As Dr. McMahon intimates, the assertion that "the war is basically a struggle for economic and political power," is the most important sentence in Father Cohalan's article. But it is so one-sided and misleading as to be substantially untrue—at least in its implications. The word "basically" implies that all the other issues and ends of the war are relatively negligible. Has Father Cohalan never heard of "Mein Kampf"?

Waiving this consideration, I admit that the war is in greater or less degree "a struggle for political and economic power." As used by the isolationists, this phrase conveys the idea that the political and economic power for which Britain fights is as immoral, or as amoral, as that sought by Hitler. The isolationists ignore this vital difference between the two contenders: Hitler seeks the *power* to keep Poland and other countries under subjection and to bring Britain into that condition, while the latter is struggling for the *power* to restore sovereignty and liberty to Poland and other countries, and the *power* to remain free herself. The American Revolution was a "struggle for political and economic power," but most Americans believe that their forefathers fought for a just amount of power, that is, self-government, while England was seeking the power to keep the Colonies in unjust subjection.

The assertion of Father Cohalan's which I am discussing and similar expressions, such as, "this is merely the latest example of the age-old struggle for power in Europe," are slovenly, unprecise, misleading and essentially false. They ignore those very important issues of the present war which lie in the field of religion, morality and Christian civilization; and they make no distinction between just and unjust political power. Sometimes they include a good deal of pharisaism, as when they carry the implication that the peoples of Europe are hopelessly aggressive while we of the United States always exemplify the highest and purest type of political righteousness. This attitude is little better than clumsy jingoism.

In his original article, Father Cohalan spoke of the "motivating cause" impelling the belligerents, and in his

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rejoinder, of "the motives of the belligerent governments." This is inadequate as a test of the morality of the war. Whether or not the British government is consciously pursuing the aim of destroying the Hitler menace to Christianity and human rights, that will be an *effect* of his defeat. Therefore, it is at least implicit in the British war program. Therefore, it is an important part of the factors and reasons which make Britain's cause just.

RT. REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

Editors' Note: Requirements of space make necessary the postponement to a later issue of other letters on this subject.

The Stage & Screen

Anne of England

IF WINSTON CHURCHILL were not Prime Minister of England it is improbable that this play by Norman Ginsbury, reworked by Mary Cass Canfield and Ethel Borden, would have excited Mr. Gilbert Miller enough to cause him to produce it on Broadway. "As dead as Queen Anne" is an old saying, a saying which might well have warned off a producer from bringing her story to the stage, but the fact that the play had to do with the struggle of two of Winston Churchill's ancestors to keep the favor of the Queen seems to have conquered Mr. Miller's better judgment, the efforts of John Churchill and his spouse Sarah to continue the war with France being brought up to date by a slight twisting of the motives which probably informed the great Duke of Marlborough and his wife. Miss Canfield and Miss Borden would have us believe that it was Marlborough's belief that a peace with Louis XIV meant the downfall of England and civilization. The probabilities are that their motives were less altruistic—that they were Marlborough's desire for greater personal military glory and his wife's wish to remain Queen Anne's supreme adviser. But this would have destroyed the parallel the present play draws between Hitler's present attempt to conquer the world with Louis's to conquer his enemies. In fact Miss Canfield and Miss Borden apparently see the present Churchill making history as his great ancestor wished to write it, Marlborough fighting the appeasers in the persons of Harley and his agent, Abigail Hill, as Winston Churchill fought the appeasers of today. The authors do their best to make this plausible, but the strain is evident.

Taken solely by itself, moreover, the play is static. More unfortunate still, the effort to throw sympathy to the Duchess is weakened by making her act toward Abigail Hill in such a manner that this much-bullied young woman becomes the real object of our sympathy. Sarah Churchill was a termagant, and probably did slap Abigail's face when she found she was being supplanted in the counsels of the Queen, but such an act does not make for sympathy. The result is that despite the skilful playing of Sarah Churchill by Flora Robson, she emerges as far from a pleasant person. And Marlborough himself is made just a stock figure, though a handsome one, in the person of Frederick Worlock. The three interesting people in the play are Anne, magnificently played in her dowdiness, her pathos, her disease, by Barbara Everest; her consort, George, made both amusing and human by H. H. Von Twardowski; and Abigail, played with fire and spirit by Jessica Tandy. These are the three finely characterized figures of the play. They give their impersonators something to work upon. Leo G. Carroll again proves himself the finished artist in making the much less interestingly written character of Harley understandable and alive. The play has been richly caparisoned by Mr. Miller both as to scenery and costumes. These are the work of Mstislav Valerianovich Dobujinsky. It is a pity that so many admirable players and so splendid a production should have been wasted on a play which simply refuses to come to life. Perhaps the real reason is that John and Sarah Churchill, extraordinary people as they both were, do not fit the rôles of saviors of humanity. In trying to make them fit the authors of the play have had to put them on a Procrustean bed and proceeded to stretch them all out of shape, historical and natural. *(At the St. James Theatre.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Lots of Sweetness with Little Light

IN SPITE of its misleading title, *"It Started With Eve"* is one of the most delightfully engaging pictures in a long time. It exudes the same enjoyment of life as does Leigh Hunt's "Jenny kiss'd me when we met." Deanna Durbin is charming—"jumping from the chair she sat in" to bring last moments of pleasure to a very old man. And Charles Laughton, without overacting, is unbelievably cute as the old codger—weary, sad, of failing health. But unlike the poem, wealth did not miss him. He's a multimillionaire, and the papers are itching to print the news of the death of old moneybags who is dying in cinema's largest bed in cinema's largest house. The plot is neither new nor complicated: when he can't locate his socialite fiancée, Robert Cummings brings home a hatcheck girl to show to his dying father as his betrothed. Pretty Deanna does such a good job at cheering up the old guy that he revives. Deanna and Robert naturally fall in love. This isn't much of a story, but Producer Joe Pasternak has dressed it so well, and Henry Koster has steered his actors through the lines and situation with such *joie de vivre* that you feel good watching these people in action. Deanna sings a couple of songs in her best style. She and Cummings make a gay, romping couple. And Laughton as an American version of "Old English" displays such unexpected tenderness that you revel in the sentimental niceties of the relationship between youth and crabbed old age.

Hal B. Wallis emphasized the sentimental rather than the humorous vein in producing *"One Foot in Heaven,"* Hartzell Spence's best-seller about his father. Irving Rapper directed from Casey Robinson's episodic screenplay, and the result is an entertaining film depicting the tribulation and happiness of a Methodist minister and his family. The theme gets a little maudlin occasionally, and the trials of the minister seem overly severe due to the fact that too often his congregations act in a most un-

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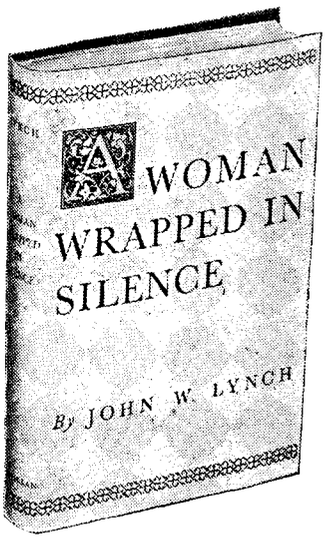

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Christian manner. But the portrait must be sincere as the production was made under the guidance of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and won the approval of the committee of leading Protestant clergymen. The story traces William Spence's career from 1904 when the young medical student gets the call and takes his bride to a jerkwater town in Iowa where their first parsonnage "looks like something the county poor house abandoned." The pastor and his wife—always on the move (the bride's trunk becomes very battered through the years), always poor (will this be a five or two dollar wedding?), struggle with flock after flock, help to build new churches, raise their own family, lighten the strict Methodist codes. Finally when elderly Reverend Spence has completed the beautiful church buildings in Denver, he and his family prepare to move to another needy Iowa community. Fredric March deserves credit for his restrained portrayal of the minister, who was ever patient with his brethren, stern with his family. Martha Scott is lovely as his wise, trusting wife. A good supporting cast assist in making us understand why a minister's children might get tired of setting an example, and why a minister might have to resort to tricks to hold his congregation and still get what he wants for them. If the picture teaches audiences to be a little more kindly and much more generous to their pastors, it will indeed serve a good purpose.

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But if you want to go the whole way and wallow in sentiment, *"Smilin' Through"* is your picture. This tear-drenched opus, in its third filming since Jane Cowl appeared in the original play in 1920, now has Jeanette MacDonald in the dual rôles. She is Kathleen who, during World War I, loves Kenneth (Gene Raymond) in spite of the fact that his father (also Mr. Raymond) killed her aunt; and she is Moonyean, the girl in the flashback (1868) who was shot on her wedding day. Brian Aherne plays Kathleen's guardian who is also the bereft groom in the flashback. To prevent confusion, Frank Borzage has directed with interminable slowness—and with flower-laden sweetness appropriate to a plot in which the spirit of the bride keeps smilin' through to her mourning betrothed. The surprise about this overdone bit of corn in lush technicolor is that it was remade at all and that Donald Ogden Stewart's name is connected with a romantic script with several sets of moonstruck lovers and such mildewed lines. While the mush is being spread pretty thick, there are many close-ups of the cast smiling through and at each other and Miss MacDonald's good singing of "A Little Love, a Little Kiss," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and of course the title ditty with its "Eyes of blue come smilin' through," etc.

It is unfortunate that the one film that might have shed a little realistic light on this week of sweetness turns out to be such a disappointment. *"The Man Who Seeks the Truth,"* made in France in 1939, has a good cast led by that fine actor Raimu. And it has some excellent examples of Gallic wit sparkling in the best French style. But Pierre Wolff's mediocre script has been directed by Alexander Esway without an understanding of the art of cinema; and bad cutting and editing result in conflusion. The plot revolves around infidelity. Raimu, suspecting his mistress of unfaithfulness, pretends he's deaf, and not only learns the worst about said mistress and his adopted son, but also discovers the duplicity of his sister, her husband and his own trusted employees and servants. The cuckolded old goat, well satisfied with himself but thoroughly unhappy after playing this dirty trick, tells 'em all off. From this unpleasant tale one might decide that the French are a very amoral, two-faced race indeed. However when it is all over one is most likely to remember Raimu's brilliant acting and two very comical scenes: one in which he is talking on the telephone and inserts English phrases into his conversation; in the other, simulating deafness, he is examined by a couple of grasping, scheming doctors much to his own astonishment and amusement.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books in Exile

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

IT IS a peculiar characteristic of the revolution of our times that it should be very largely directed against the intellectual élite of the countries it affects. Almost the opposite was true of the French Revolution. Very few of the great writers of that day, at least at the outset, were in opposition to the social changes being put into effect by

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the revolutionaries; today very few of France's great living writers sympathize with the revolution the nazis are attempting to effect in France.

German authors and intellectuals were the first to feel the brunt of the nazi revolution and to seek refuge in exile, even a few of them in voluntary exile. The Russian revolution had, indeed, driven a certain number of writers out of Russia, and in the years after the last war there was (and continues to be) a considerable body of Russian writers whose works had to be written and published outside of the territory of their birth. But this was nothing compared to the activity which began outside Germany after Hitler came to power. Great publishing firms moved to other countries—Prague and Vienna being favorite cities. Then, as Hitler's expansion began, fewer and fewer parts of Central Europe remained open to publishing enterprises willing to bring out books unsympathetic to the nazis. The great house of S. Fischer, for example, established itself first in Vienna, after Germany became impossible for it. Then, with the fall of Austria, another house had to be established in Stockholm—this time under the name Bermann-Fischer. This establishment continues up to the present publishing in German the works of German writers in exile, and the same firm has just opened offices in New York where it plans to publish the works of such writers in English translation. Among the authors on its list are Albert Einstein, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Franz Werfel, Arnold and Stefan Zweig, Valeriu Marcu.

But the possibility of a French publishing house in exile would have occurred to no one until after the fall of France in the summer of 1940. As it happened, a considerable number of French writers of distinction either were not in France at the time of the armistice, or else succeeded in escaping to other countries. Naturally, being writers, they kept on writing, and the need arose for publishers to produce their books. In South America there was a ready-made market for French books, and one or two houses have sprung up there. The French-speaking part of Canada was, of course, a natural place to which French writers might turn to find publishers: the Province of Quebec already had a number of long-established publishing firms which had for generations acted as agents for the large Paris and Belgian houses and which had published books on their own, particularly textbooks and works of Canadian origin. Nothing was more natural than that these houses should increase their functions and begin publishing in Canada works which formerly they would have imported from France.

One of the most interesting of the flourishing Canadian publishing firms is of fairly recent vintage—Les Editions de L'Arbre, established by a group of young French Canadian intellectuals in Montreal. It sprang from a review—*La Nouvelle Relève*—founded by the same group in 1934. The object of these young men has been to print only a highly selective list of books of quality. They began functioning in January, 1941, and have already published works by Jacques Maritain, René Schwob, Yves Simon, Count Sforza, and the Reverend Father Couturier. The quality of their printing is of the highest—in fact it compares favorably with the best work done in France.

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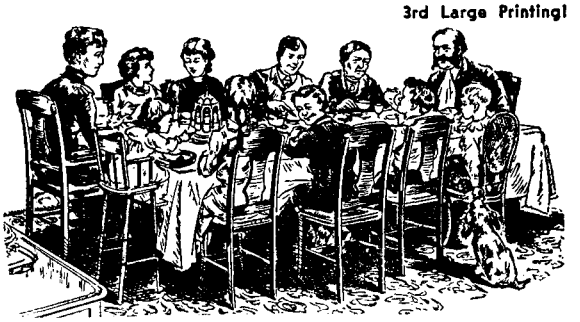

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Here in New York we also have a French book publisher in exile. It goes under the name of Editions de la Maison Française, Inc., and is closely affiliated with French and European Publications, Inc. The latter was a firm primarily concerned with the business of importing foreign books. This import business was established in 1929, and when the fall of France came in 1940, its enterprising managers decided that they might well go into the business of publishing books themselves. Their list is quite extensive, including André Maurois, Jules Romains, Jacques and Raissa Maritain, Robert Goffin, Claire Goll, André Morize, Robert de St. Jean, Julien Green, J. V. Ducattillon, O.P., Pierre de Lanux, Francois Mauriac, Serge Voronof, Geneviève Tabouis and a number of others.

It occurred to me that readers of THE COMMONWEAL might like to know the problems of a typical French publisher whose principal office is located in typically American Rockefeller Center. So I journeyed to their inner sanctum, where I was greeted with the greatest courtesy by Mr. Molho, treasurer of the company. For two hours we discussed the problems his firm has had to meet, and the things it had discovered about selling French books published outside France.

My first question was concerning his technical problems. For I had noticed that the books of this house also are excellently designed and printed—printed on better paper, even, than was the custom in Paris. Where had they been able to discover compositors and printers who could accomplish so difficult a job? For I knew that while many German printers had emigrated to America since the last war, very few if any French brothers in the craft had left their fatherland. Mr. Molho laughed, and proceeded to tell me that all of their typesetting and printing was done by workmen who did not know a word of French, and that the printing plant where the work is done had only one man on its staff—a sort of glorified proofreader—capable of reading what was set up. But, he said, by means of the telephone and with the help of a proofreader on their own staff they have so far succeeded in keeping to a high mechanical standard.

It then occurred to me to ask where the firm sold most of its books, and Mr. Molho informed me, with a certain note of regret in his voice, that their principal market was by no means in this country. In fact, he felt forced to admit that this country, of all the civilized countries, seemed to supply the smallest market for French books. South America, Canada, what remains of Europe—which, for French, is mostly Switzerland—all bought books in quantities to shame Americans. And his firm has been able to achieve sales by no means negligible. Jacques Maritain's "A Travers le Désastre," for example, has sold about ten thousand copies already, and orders are still coming in. And this in spite of the fact that the book is banned from conscientiously neutral Switzerland.

A number of other titles on the French and European list have achieved equally great or even greater sales. Of course, the most popular have been their four books on the fall of France, but other books have by no means done badly.

In leaving I could not help asking what might seem a

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foolish question—as to whether the firm was receiving any books from France itself. It would not be true to say, I was told, that no books are coming through. Occasional copies—even two or three copies—of a French book somehow find their way to this country, largely via one of the countries in South America. But these are not books from the old lists of the Paris publishers. No one seems to know exactly what has happened, but it would seem that all of French literature in printed form has been put under lock and key, and that the only French writing which gets through is that which has been published since the armistice.

Since I had not heard anything of such books, I naturally wondered what was their nature and quality. On that subject my interlocutor was sad indeed. "Mostly," he said, "they are political."

Books of Week

Cardinal's Alter Ego

Grey Eminence. Aldous Huxley. Harper. $3.50.

ALDOUS HUXLEY has constructed a rich biography of Richelieu's guide and collaborator, François Leclerc du Tremblay, Baron de Maffliers, better known to history as Father Joseph. From biography it ramifies into a thesis bearing upon the motivations of a powerful adept in mysticism, missionary fervor and secular statecraft. Irrepressibly the inductive thinker, Huxley generalizes, with brilliance and discipline, from this man and his rôle to all mankind and its relations with the pervasive forces of religion and politics. The author, who cannot with integrity accept the dogmatic content and the sacramental means of the Catholic Church, has produced a study so infused with earnest religious intent and so enlightened in historical substance and interpretation as to commend itself to discriminating Catholics more urgently, perhaps, than any book written by a non-Catholic in many years.

In all ways a precocious child, François Leclerc could at twelve discuss theology as learnedly as a professor of the Sorbonne. When he was fourteen (Juliet's age), his habit of religious fervor wrested him from a tempting infatuation and determined him then and there for the Church. Readily sacrificing the prospects of a fine secular career at Court, he nearly joined the contemplative Carthusians, but on impulse—an impulse of incalculable moment to all subsequent history—he changed his course in favor of the more active Capuchins.

Young Leclerc's guide was the English convert and mystic, Father Benet. His lifelong friend was Pierre de Bérulle, who later founded the French Congregation of the Oratory, received the Cardinal's hat. He, above all, came under the spell of Father Benet's mystical theories and, in Huxley's analysis, had a large hand in modifying Catholic mysticism as practiced from the time of pseudo-Dionysius to Saint John of the Cross. In common with the method of the Egyptian coenobites, the Sufis and the Brahmans, the Dionysian system maintained that self-annihilation and absorption in the Godhead (or the Ultimate Reality) in direct, non-imagistic fashion, was possible and had been attained. But Bérulle, as Huxley states it, was first a Catholic and secondarily a mystic. He drew upon the dogmas of an historical religion, specifically

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upon the divinity of Christ and His Passion, and upon the Motherhood of Mary, and evolved a "Jesus-centrism" and a "Virgin-centrism" to supplant the ancient non-imagistic theo-centrism. Mystical sublimation was no longer to beat upon the "Cloud of Unknowing." In place of the non-operative, selfless state, freed of the distractions of discursive reasoning and imagination, there was posed an imaginable man-god. Huxley: "Contemplation of persons and their qualities entails a great deal of analytic thinking and an incessant use of the imagination . . . (which) are precisely the things which prevent the soul from attaining enlightenment." The decline of true mysticism set in, with Bérulle, and has not to this day been arrested.

This train of thought, especially as carried through so brilliantly and exhaustively in the book itself, would appear sound if one rejects, as does Huxley, the divinity of Christ and its full implications. But accept these, and the mystic's identification of this "person" and these "qualities" with the inscrutable Second Person of the Godhead and the divine qualities thereof, would eliminate the difficulty—"through a sustained act," as Father Benet puts it, "of faith which, while the mind dwells on the image of Christ on the Cross, absorbs and annihilates that image in God's Essence." As against Huxley, we should think this esoteric process to be superbly valid. Starting with a dimensional image, it submerges that image in the non-dimensional totality of the imageless Godhead and annihilates all delineation. Further, this personalized method would tend, it seems, to invest the Godhead with a degree of personality and realness, such as to thwart any possible access of that impersonalized mysticism which Karl Barth regards as "esoteric atheism."

Again, if Huxley is correct in his hypothesis that "Jesus-centrism" has shattered all prospect of true mysticism, why have there been no mystics among those pious Protestants who reject the divinity of Christ? And must it be assumed that Saint Francis was no true mystic, when the stigmata endorsed his contemplation of the Passion?

Huxley, be it said, has made as powerful and convincing a case for non-dogmatic mysticism as can be done. And no man reveres the true function of mysticism more genuinely than he. "The mystics are channels through which a little knowledge of reality filters down into our human universe of ignorance and illusion. A totally unmystical world would be a world totally blind and insane."

The externals of Father Joseph's career are well known; his motivations are not so clear. That fierce, disciplined, manly piety which stayed by him to the very end, coupled with great learning, great humility and conversational virtuosity, enabled him to convert Huguenots and even to elevate to some plane of virtue the rich ladies of rank who filled the Abbey of Fontevrault. It was in this last enterprise that he met Richelieu, whose intensely nationalistic policy demanded that the conjoined power of the Spanish and Austrian Hapsburgs be broken, the Huguenots toppled from political independence, France unified and the tessellated German Empire prevented from gathering unity unto itself. Richelieu's aims, which ultimately resulted in the erection of the first modern totalitarian state, engulfed Father Joseph and dimmed those purposes which he had been planning to put into operation. He had worked and prayed for a Catholic crusade, led by France (*Gesta Dei per Francos*) against the Turks. This plan, envisaged in his epic poem, the *Turciade,* never ma-

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terialized. Instead, the humble friar became Richelieu's henchman, his spy, his shrewd military adviser (as in the successful siege of La Rochelle, which cut that Huguenot city's populace from 25,000 to 5,000).

How, enquires Huxley, could one man embody the qualities of sainthood—so preeminently that to his death he was revered by the Calvarian order of nuns which he had founded; so persistently that he never modified, except in extraordinary cases, his severe personal abnegations—while at the same time he identified himself with an active policy of statism that enjoined upon Europe, especially upon the German states, a condition of abject poverty, incessant warfare, wholesale slaughter of civilians and cannibalism? How could a mystic, who had experienced God, deliberately advise prolonging the beastly Thirty Years' War and its universal miseries, depopulating Germany by one third through massacre, famine, exposure and disease, all as a measure of Gallic self-aggrandizement? Why was this Capuchin zealot justly feared and vilified by all Europe, even when he had so great a talent for sainthood?

Voluntary ignorance, replies Huxley. It was rooted in a state of mind that regarded France as God's instrument and any French policy a policy of the Almighty's. Gallic statism was to the greater glory of God, and whatever ills were consequent upon it were subordinate to a greater good. Whether a Turkish crusade, a brilliantly maneuvered job of German emasculation, the bothersome Mantuan succession, a diet of mice and leather soup for Huguenot noblewomen, all was a vicarious re-enacting of Christ's voluntary Passion by involuntarily suffering peoples.

Father Joseph foresaw a Gallic, Royal, European and Catholic Golden Age. But his shortsighted policy (and all major political policies are by their nature shortrange in their apparent ramifications), infused with theological justification, and though aimed at a French and Catholic hegemony to be attained at all costs, did in fact inaugurate the evil of exaggerated nationalism and align the forces of Europe in such wise as to make the war of 1914 possible and inevitable. And a major contributing factor was the new mysticism, the new, active mysticism which was not content with the contemplative life or the imageless Cloud of Unknowing.

"Grey Eminence," though handicapped by the author's want of sympathy with doctrinal and historical Catholicism, unfolds a convincing argument concerning the legitimate rôles of politics, morals and mysticism. Its clarity is admirable, its importance beyond question, its fulness, however, slightly offset by a detachment slightly clinical.

T. O'CONOR SLOANE III.

BIOGRAPHY

The Road of a Naturalist. Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton Mifflin. $3.00.

THIS purports to be an autobiography. Of a certainty it treats of the author with utmost seriousness. That means that Peattie had two strikes on him to start with, for when a writer takes himself too seriously both as author and subject he has to do a very fine job of writing in order to hold his readers and carry them to the same point to which he wishes to go. The third strike will not be called by many readers, for Peattie's technique is marvelous. The skill with which he has combined the natural suspense of his story, manufactured suspense, pathos, adventure and a colorful panorama of natural

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history bespeaks a mature fruition or a natural aptitude for creative writing. This reviewer believes that if Peattie could only quit taking himself so seriously he would write one of the great novels of the age.

The complexity of the work makes it difficult to review. It is not only biography; it is also natural history. It is not just natural history, but philosophy as well. Nor is it just rational philosophy, for perhaps the dominant current of the book is an irrational appeal to be led by the romantic and esthetic in nature. But the book is well worth reading and deserves a thorough analysis.

As biography it is insignificant. He attempts to do what many textbooks have of late years tried to do—give an impression of or feeling for the subject without burdening the reader with any facts at all. The problem that Peattie has undertaken is to give a concept of his personality in relation to a portion of life and truth without any of the usual milestones of such stories. Now this is a most admirable objective, but I believe he failed to attain it. The only concept that comes through is a rather distant and vague view of an irresponsible fellow. Something of that was intended, but not entirely so.

Regarding philosophy, he is somewhat more gross in his sponsorship of naturalism than is conventional among those scientists who really are proponents of naturalism. Of late years there has become a pronounced tendency on their part not to make an issue of naturalism *versus* revealed religion, especially in popular writing. To be sure, he tries to handle the problem deftly and does fairly well at it, but even deft handling is a very different thing from avoidance of the issue. Perhaps most opponents of naturalism will prefer Peattie's issue to none at all. It saves them from raising the issue themselves.

As a teacher of natural history through the means of his autobiography Peattie is more than a teacher. He is an enthusiastic propagandist as well. If there ever were a teacher of freshman biology with Peattie's skill one can well imagine that his students would all be led in comfort and without suspicion into being biology majors. His enthusiasm, his mastery of words and his romanticism make him commanding as an intellectual leader. That being true, it is our duty to ask ourselves why Peattie is not teaching freshman biology in one of our prominent universities, where he could introduce his students to the subject first-hand instead of their having a vicarious relation to natural history, which is the best the writer can expect. Of course, knowing universities he may not wish to, but he undoubtedly could be induced to. Why is he not induced to? The answer is unmistakable. He is a free lance and there are many expressions of this quality. Amplification of this statement is unnecessary for the mere sentence, "He is a free lance," tells a story in educational matters that is very long and very complex. And it is either already thoroughly understood or incapable of being understood.

J. MC A. KATER.

Savage Landor. Malcolm Elwin. Macmillan. $4.00.

"WALKING out with Mr. Landor had only one drawback," wrote one of his friends, "he was always knocking someone down." The intensity of his convictions, the violence of his vocabulary, his pealing "Ha! Ha! Ha!", his ruddy countenance and massive forehead have been graphically preserved by Dickens in Squire Boythorn of "Bleak House." "A stormy mountain pine that could produce lilies" was Leigh Hunt's reaction to the delicacy of Landor's imagination, and Monckton Milnes

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provides the famous story of Landor's explosive rage over a poor dinner when he threw his Florentine cook out of the window of his villa and then exclaimed "Great God, I forgot the tulips!" I have no doubt that the actual brilliance of his small talk far surpassed his "Imaginary Conversations," which now gather dust on few shelves and which possess a repose singularly lacking in his character. "He had fire enough in him," wrote Lowell, "but his pen seems to be a non-conductor between it and his personages." Few men have written with more sagacity and lived more unwisely. "Ridicule often parries resentment but resentment never parried ridicule" is an adage he could compose but never follow. But however unsound his judgment was in private life, it was keen and true for art and letters. His villa in Florence was crammed with Italian primitives he had collected for a song before the pre-Raphaelites had aroused English buyers. Landor once appraised a small Correggio in the National Gallery at fourteen shillings—he was in the habit of handing out similar old masters to his friends, who stuffed them into closets.

His life was a series of petty storms with rifts of romance. His wife left him tempestuously but "Ianthe" the mistress of his youth, remained the Egeria of his middle age and they wished to be buried together. His friendships with both men and women were long enduring and ranged from the notorious Lady Blessington to Browning, who was Landor's benefactor in his declining years in Florence where his children to whom he had handed over his villa and his fortune shamefully neglected him. The first stab of misfortune had come in the first year of marriage, when he had tried to organize a utopian estate in Wales and had been ruined by a resentful Welsh tenantry. Throughout his life he was usually bitten by the dog he fed, possibly because he invariably overfed it. Frustrated in ambition for most of his life, it was not until 1835 when he was sixty that "Pericles and Aspasia" made him the literary lion of a London season.

Mr. Elwin has given three years to work on this biography which with its bibliography of over a hundred authors is undoubtedly "definitive," but Mr. Elwin's sense of perspective has been blurred by the formidable mass of material and, unless one shares his conviction that Landor ranks among the immortals, the ballast seems too heavy for the bark. He closes his volume with a quotation from Landor which Lowell has used to better advantage. To us Landor's prose, like his verse, has purity, elegance and scholarship without inspiration. E. V. R. WYATT.

William Henry Welch and the Heroic Age of American Medicine. Simon Flexner and James Thomas Flexner. Viking. $3.75.

HERE is the best history we have read of the birth of medical science in these United States. Before Welch there was no pathological laboratory in our fair land. Before Welch, Cohnheim could write, "What becomes of the young men from your country who work in our medical laboratories? While here they do good work . . . . but after their return to America, we hear no more of them."

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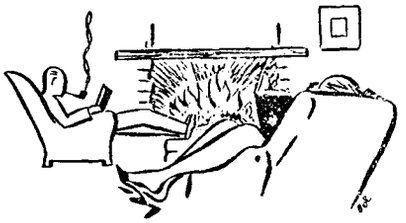

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his medical school there was no one to show him how to use it? So he shipped meagerly to Germany where Waldeyer taught him histology, Wagner and Cohnheim and von Recklinghausen pathology, and where, as throughout his life, he haunted the best teachers he could find. Then back to New York (1878) for a struggle a decade long against poverty and the clinical practice of medicine. The authors have admirably treated his waning friendship with the successful practitioner, friend of his youth, who tried so bitterly to hold him from Hopkins.

But it was fated otherwise; nothing his father and his friends could say could hold him. The sagacity of Billings and of Gilman prevailed. Unknown hands as well were beckoning him to Baltimore; what would Osler and Halstead and Kelly have done without so modest a moderator, and so merry, and so wise?

And so "at thirty-five Welch had found himself a place in the world that was perfect to his needs and desires . . . and for almost fifty years he was to tower over American medicine, determining, creating, helping change a backward profession into a leading profession of his time . . . always gentle, never raising his voice above a tone of ordinary talk. He won campaign after campaign but never fought a battle; haste was unknown to him, or anger or the exuberant joy of putting an opponent down. He was to win affection and admiration until he became, first to his associates and then to younger scientists everywhere . . . the beloved Popsy."

And the desert of American medicine flowered under his touch. That first year there came to study under him Sternberg, Booker, Abbott, Councilman, Herter and Mall.

Oh, happy, keen and casual day! "He never devoted his laboratory to the investigation of any single subject, nor did he show any special fertility in the choice of problems for himself or others. . . . He never set a student to work on a concrete problem, seeming rather to avoid any such commitment. . . . He rarely interfered in what went on around him, yet his example, his intelligence and his comprehensive knowledge formed the keystones of the arch of scientific medicine in America."

Less happy we who loved him from afar.

But enthusiasm for the subject has made us neglect the volume. The Flexners, father and son, have made a worthy contribution to the biography of their time. "Popsy" himself could not have had the patience to do it as well, with its sixty-five pages of appendices and the fifteen page index. We have found but one point, the references to the discovery of the Welch bacillus, where the two authors perhaps did not scrutinize each other's manuscripts. Indeed, we seem dimly to sense Dr. Welch's smile from the golden bar of heaven, a little wryness to it as he handles the gilt and Tyrian purple of the dust cover, but he was the most forgiving of men and, as he became engrossed in the text, lived over the glorious hardships of his youth and the almost unbearable glories of his latter days, he might be murmuring, like the Padre Eterno of "The Path to Rome," *Continuez, mes enfants, continuez.*

EDWARD L. KEYES.

CRITICISM

Irving Babbitt: Man and Teacher. Edited by Frederick Manchester and Odell Shepard. Putnam. $3.00.

"OUR IGNORANCE of the life of a great writer," says George Santayana, "is not, I think, much to be regretted. His work preserves that part of him which he himself would have wished to preserve." Harvard's

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long-time assistant professor of philosophy did not, of course, have Irving Babbitt, Harvard's long-time assistant professor of French, in mind when he wrote those words, but we know of no twentieth century American critic to whom they could be applied more aptly. Since Babbitt was the kind of man—a kind, incidentally, fast approaching extinction—who probably never gave a thought to the idea of writing his autobiography, it is fitting and proper that those who knew him more or less intimately as friend and colleague, student and teacher, should set down their impressions and memories. He richly deserved a distinguished memorial volume, and in "Irving Babbitt: Man and Teacher," he receives his due.

This collection of thirty-nine memoirs was clearly a labor of critical intelligence in the service of admiration, and does high credit to the editors and contributors and high honor to their subject—for its insights and revelations as well as for its silences and freedom from soft-centered adulation and triviality.

A number of the papers, including some of the best, such as those by William F. Giese, Paul Elmer More, G. R. Elliott, Austin Warren, T. S. Eliot, Hoffman Nickerson (his should have been retained in its original form), and Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., are reprinted from the magazines. (Russell Maloney's *New Yorker* tribute of July 15, 1939, is not included; and perhaps it shouldn't have been; but we miss it terribly.) The contributions of William F. Maag, Jr., K. T. Mei, Louis J. A. Mercier and Odell Shepard are outstandingly brilliant and illuminating.

We fear this is not one of those books that "America has been waiting for." But it is one, we are sure, that many persons gravely concerned about the future of an experiment in representative government, begun more than a century and a half ago, will be deeply thankful for. It is not a book indispensable to the understanding of Babbitt's ideas and positions, nor to the appreciation of their life-and-death relevance to the crises confronting us at this fateful moment in history. Nevertheless, we can hardly conceive it possible for anyone who has cared enough for his country's well-being to have read "Democracy and Leadership" not to deem it so.

If the Republic surmounts the perils now threatening her on every hand, she will most assuredly do so on the terms and under the conditions laid down by Irving Babbitt. In his books and in his teaching, he gave his life to the defense of civilized standards and humane values. His was truly one of the noblest "defense efforts" ever to be made in behalf of one's country. He waged courageous, unrelenting, wholly impersonal and wholly selfless warfare upon all the sophistries and nihilisms that singly or in combination have brought the world to its present hideous impasse.

Harold Laski recently defined an intellectual as "a man whose business it is to speculate upon the essential problems of his age"; a man who "must recognize that the condition upon which his function is adequately performed depends upon the assistance he directly renders to the battle for mental and moral freedom." Is there another American of our time who has filled this bill of specifications—sound and reasonable, albeit severely excluding—more ably or more fully than Irving Babbitt?

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VOLUNTEER PILOTS, a continuation of the discussion on the war begun by Father Cohalan's recent article. This discussion is carried on by Don Luigi Sturzo, William Agar, and the author of the original article. Don't miss this instalment of this important and lively controversy next week.

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Just as our political leaders all too long viewed Hitler as a mere comic-opera buffoon, so our spiritual and intellectual guides all too long dismissed Babbitt's indefatigable assaults on Rousseau as a sterile, stuffily academic mania, a puritanic, life-and-literature-denying phobia. Tragically enough as we realize now, they utterly failed to perceive that Babbitt's battle, from the beginning straight through to the very end, was Hitlerism. For more years than they now like to recall, our *philosophes* mercilessly kidded Babbitt about looking under his bed each night for Rousseau. Today the truth is being crushingly driven home that Jean-Jacques is under all our beds, for if Rousseauistic sentimentalism and Baconian utilitarianism haven't effected in Adolf Hitler one of the most hellish mergers known to man, then there is no war going on right now in Europe.

Along about the time of Babbitt's death in 1933, Edmund Wilson declared that what most urgently needed doing in this country was the taking of communism away from the communists. Now, eight years later, it appears that our most pressing problem is how to rescue democracy from the democrats—dialectical, managerial, bureaucratic, broad-base, and all-out, not to mention the *Reich*-Christians who in these days talk only of God, and the wave-slaves who have pretty well succeeded in blurring nearly all the traditional distinctions between the good life and the good living.

We can think of no better way of getting into the proper frame of mind for this number-one priority project than by first memorizing Lincoln's much admired, but obviously all but forgotten, letter of August 22, 1862, to Horace Greeley, and then following up with a reading of "Irving Babbit: Man and Teacher."

"One day," writes Professor Mercier, "shortly after the close of the summer school, a telegram came. Only a few could gather to pay [Babbitt] a last tribute. . . . We took our seats in the stalls of the small chapel of the Memorial Church. No flowers. The utter simplicity of a crimson drapery in keeping with the single purpose of his life. . . . In filing past, at the end, an older friend and colleague ventured a furtive sign of the cross. We were soon scattered and I walked toward Widener, where I had so often met with him. . . . I just caught a glimpse of a high black car disappearing down the sunlit Yard for the last time. The bell was tolling: tolling the loss of his university, of all the personal students to whom he had given so unsparingly of his precious time, of all the students of thought and letters whom he had so stimulated even when he had antagonized them; tolling for the passing of a great soul into the final mystery."

Fortunately for virtue, there will always be evil in this world; and fortunately for America, she will always have dark hours to remind her of her great souls.

JOHN ABBOT CLARK.

FICTION

I'll Never Go There Any More. Jerome Weidman. S. & S. $2.50.

REALISTIC NOVELS always get a good press. Why, I don't know except that we're all a bit partial to fads of one kind or another and realistic writing is as good a fad as any. I have nothing against realism in literature, painting or anything else, it's just that our top-notch realists are so näive and fanciful about everything except sex in its animal manifestations. That is the extent of their realism. Neither have I anything against sex in

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its animal manifestations, but I fail to see just what is contributed to literature by the glorifying of vulgarity as applied to sex and the use of words one cannot find in any dictionary and which one may not use with impunity except in the most "advanced" mixed company.

One may not even have any objection to transcriptions from the walls of the nearest men's room, if the use of them has a valid reason, atmosphere, etc. But Weidman's use of obscenity and vulgarity in words goes beyond necessary use and if it weren't such a good book otherwise, one might suspect him of using Hemingway's sleeping bag technique. Hemingway had to. Otherwise his story could have been told in one chapter. Weidman, however, is a good story teller, one of the best, and he has no need of such devices for selling his book nor yet for reawakening a bored reader.

The story is common enough one. But Weidman's setting and his ability as a story teller make it worth the reading. Arthur Thacker comes to the big city for the summer, gets a job, gets mixed up with some of the city's nether world, that is, common prostitutes and their admirers. Follow several months of rather weird experiences for the young innocent who takes it all in stride and as if the whole thing were the most commonplace of experiences. A sudden turn about of emotions causes him to go home and the book comes to a close.

The characters are swell studies, with the exception of the hero who matters not at all. There's a pious accountant, a one-time-millionaire criminal lawyer, who is on his uppers because he very sentimentally went noble, a couple of very formidable moochers, a varied group of floozies and a lady whose cow died.

Both the idea and Weidman's ability deserved better treatment. Books such as this are unfair to reviewers. They force us to pan the devil out of something we really like.

WILLIAM M. CALLAHAN.

Thunder in the Earth. Edwin Lanham. Harcourt. $2.75.

EDWIN LANHAM'S latest novel is a study of what happens when geological and social forces cross. Lebanon was a quiet town, and Cobb Walters was brought up on a farm near it by parents who had decided to avoid taking chances. Leaving home to hire out as a hand in the oil fields, he is finally driven by experience to the conclusion that "front" is the only difference between a wildcat operator and a laborer. He acquires "front" and, aided by luck, finally becomes the principal owner of the Cobb Walters Oil Company which operates in the neighborhood of his home town. Cobb and Cobb's district are transformed. After various interrelated amatory and financial difficulties which culminate in a homicide, the hero loses control of his company and goes off with the daughter of the local chamber of commerce, herself much changed by sudden prosperity, to start wildcat operations elsewhere.

Obviously a great deal of care has gone into the book. It is a kind of manual on oil and the seekers after oil. Perhaps it is unfortunate that the author has seen fit to hold himself so aloof from his material. The satiric possibilities in the rise of the oil hand who got "front" remain latent. The deeper irony implicit in the fact that nature's long preparation of the oil only served to give third-rate human beings an opportunity to be ridiculous in their brief exploitation of it is hinted at, but certainly not developed with the power the theme deserves.

CHARLES DONAHUE.

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The Inner Forum

DURING the year ending October 1, 1941, the Catholic Church Extension Society of the U.S.A., which is devoted to home missions in the United States, collected and dispensed more than $1,000,000. Evidence of the growth of the Church in many parts of the land is the fact that during the past year the Society built more than 125 mission chapels. At the same time it contributed more than $50,000 for the education of priests. More than 150 priests in poor districts received monthly grants of $25 each for their sustenance from the Society.

The Society's 36th annual meeting takes place in Chicago, November 18. At that time it will revise its constitution to conform more closely to the organization of other pontifical societies. Its board of governors will then comprise all the archbishops of the United States, 12 designated bishops, 12 additional prelates and 12 laymen. *Extension,* official organ of the Society, says that "the Extension Society has exerted every effort to provide a Catholic church or chapel in every small town in America. . . ."

The October issue contains a communication from the field which gives a good idea of the work. In reads in part as follows: "We came here seven years ago to begin our work for God and His Church; we found eighteen Catholics out of a population of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand people. Today, after seven years, we have six Catholic churches, two Catholic hospitals and a boarding school for boys which is unique in this—that it gives a Catholic education free to the convert boys of South Carolina who might otherwise never become fully established in the Faith. Its success has been phenomenal. At the present it has close to one hundred boys of whom nearly ninety have been baptized by ourselves. The stability of the Faith of the alumni gives us assurance that our efforts for these boys are not in vain. The work is supported entirely by the labors of our mission band in the affluent parishes in the North and not by begging. Many of our converts, and they number five hundred now, are spread over outlying towns and they would never have the blessings of the Church were it not for *Extension,* which has built or subsidized four out of the six churches in which we minister."

CONTRIBUTORS

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